

Purple Parrot.



CHRISTMAS NUMBER

For Your Pleasure!



NEW EVANSTON

CLYDE E. ELLIOTT, Managing Director

O P E N S

Monday Evening
December 18, 1922

WITH HIGH CLASS

**Exclusive First Run
Motion Pictures**

ORCHESTRA · SPECIALTIES
WURLITZER GRAND ORGAN

MATINEE DAILY
CONTINUOUS
2 P. M. to 5:30 P. M.

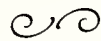
TWO EVENING
DE LUXE PERFORMANCES
Starting at 7 and 9

SATURDAY
CONTINUOUS
1:30 P. M. to 11 P. M.

Watch Daily Northwestern for Current Attractions



Announces an all-night New Year's Eve Dance and Midnight Supper



*We also invite students to attend our
Dinner Dances on Thursday evenings*

Special attention given
to banquets and parties
large and small

L. H. FIELD
Manager



ALMER COE & COMPANY take the opportunity which the season offers, to extend good wishes and holiday greetings to all; and to express grateful appreciation for the response to their efforts to provide faculty and students with the best in eyeglass service.

Almer Coe & Company

Opticians

527 Davis Street



*It's
toasted*

This one
extra
process
gives a
delightful
quality that
cannot be
duplicated

Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

Frank Butterfield
1056 Wilson Avenue



Just Received
**500 New Spring
Hats**

Faille Silk, Satins, Flower Hats

Sport Hats, Dance Hats

\$4⁷⁵ \$7⁵⁰ \$12⁵⁰

VISITORS WELCOME


Duro Belle
HUMAN HAIR NET

An Appropriate Gift. Your friends would appreciate a dozen Duro-Belle Hair Nets for Xmas—and you will be glad to become acquainted with Duro-Belle Quality yourself. In all shapes and shades. Buy a supply today from the NORTHWESTERN Y. W. C. A.

Made with the famous Duro-Knots that guarantee longest wear. These tiny knots are especially tied—not too tight to strain the hair, and not too loose so the net loses its shape—but tied just right.

**15¢
2 for 25**

for Double Strand

*10c for Single Strand
(Both Cap and Fringe Style)*

NATIONAL TRADING COMPANY
630 S. Wabash Ave. CHICAGO

WHEN choosing a place for your fraternity dances why not enjoy the advantages that our Solarium offers you?

Within a short ride of the University, by elevated or surface cars, the beautiful and spacious Solarium is an ideal place at all seasons for parties and banquets. It may be rented at a very moderate cost.

Informal Dances

The fall and winter program includes informal dinner dances in the Solarium every Thursday evening.

The Dining Room

Sunday dinner in the Somerset's moderately-priced restaurant from 1 o'clock on, is an attractive feature to North Shore residents.

Hotel Somerset

Sheridan Road at Argyle

CHICAGO

S. W. GERSTNER, Manager
(Formerly of French Lick Springs Hotel)

Telephone
Sunnyside 7000

Take your meals with the rest of the "College Crowd". You will always find them here. Christmas is near and we have an assorted line of the best candies for presents. Candy is always an appropriate gift.

*Best wishes for a "Merry Xmas"
and a "Happy New Year."*

Du Breuil's

EVANSTON, ILL.
620 DAVIS ST.

AN ATMOSPHERE
THAT HAS NO PEER

MARIGOLD ROOM

BROADWAY AT GRACE STREET

Where the Food Will Suit Your Mood

Now Playing

ERNIE YOUNG'S REVUES

IN CONJUNCTION WITH

Ernie Young's Marigold Orchestra
From 7 P. M. to Closing Time Every Night

Best Food is Served at the Marigold

"It is the Manhattan Roof Garden brought
to the Far North Side"—*Chicago Evening Post*

Theatrical Performance Every
Thursday Night

Business Directory

BANKS	
State Bank and Trust Company.....	Fountain Square
BARBERS	
North Shore Hotel Barber Shop.....	Davis Street
BEAUTY PARLORS	
Marnette Beauty Salon and Hair Shop.....	1707 Sherman Avenue
Anderson Institute and Hair Dressing Parlor.....	Hoyburn Building
BOOK STORES	
Chandler's.....	Fountain Square
Childs & Raeder.....	Davis Street
Monarch Stationery Company.....	1618 Orrington Avenue
CHURCHES	
Saint Luke's.....	Corner of Hinman Avenue and Lee Street
CLEANERS AND DYERS	
Parisian Dye House, Inc.....	Phone Evanston 727
Quick Service Tailors.....	Phone Evanston 3011
CONFECTIONERS	
Beach & Geils.....	Library Plaza Hotel
Du Breuil's.....	620 Davis Street
Northwestern Confectionery.....	Davis Street
Pink Shop.....	602 Davis Street
The Hopper.....	4626 Sheridan Road (Wilson Avenue)
Whitman's Candies.....	512 Davis Street
Woman's Exchange.....	512 Davis Street
DEPARTMENT STORES	
Loren Miller & Co.....	Broadway at Lawrence (Wilson Avenue)
Rosenberg's.....	Fountain Square
ELECTRIC	
General Electric Company.....	
ENTERTAINMENT	
Adelphi Theatre.....	7074 N. Clark Street
Howard Theatre.....	1627 Howard Street
Marigold Garden.....	Broadway, at Grace
New Evanston Theatre.....	Sherman Avenue
FLORISTS	
John Weiland.....	1614 Sherman Avenue
M. Weiland.....	602 Davis Street
Wittbold & Son.....	75 East Adams Street, Chicago
FURNITURE	
S. Rosenbaum Company.....	Fountain Square
GIFT SHOPS	
Haig Joboul, Importer.....	521 Davis Street
Tre-O Shop.....	1570 Sherman Avenue
HAIR NETS	
Duro Belle.....	Y. W. C. A. Room
HOTELS	
Edgewater Beach Hotel.....	5349 Sheridan Road
Evanston Hotel.....	Corner Main and Forrest Avenue
Hotel Somerset.....	Sheridan Road, at Argyle
Library Plaza.....	Orrington Avenue
JEWELERS	
Plaza Jeweler.....	Library Plaza Hotel
MEN'S FURNISHINGS	
Browning-King.....	12 W. Washington Street
Lytton College Shop.....	State and Jackson, Chicago
MacFarland-Ehmen.....	Church and Sherman
Meek & Meek.....	4611-13 Broadway (Wilson Avenue)
Oliver and Hendage.....	Chicago
MILLINERY	
Bloch's.....	1044 Wilson Avenue
Frank Butterfield.....	1056 Wilson Avenue
Les Modes.....	4648 Sheridan Road
OPTICIANS	
Almer Coe & Company.....	527 Davis Street
PHOTOGRAPHERS	
Guhl's Studio.....	1715 Sherman Avenue
Ray's Studio.....	Hoyburn Building
Toloff.....	1623 Orrington Avenue
RESTAURANTS	
North Shore Inn.....	Davis Street
Purple Inn.....	813 Davis Street
Sally's.....	Sheridan Road
SHOES	
H. A. Meyer Shoe Co.....	103 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago
North Shore Bootery.....	Davis Street and Chicago Avenue
STATIONERY	
The Write Shop.....	1714 Sherman Avenue
TOBACCOS AND CIGARETTES	
Karl Steinkamp.....	624 Davis Street
Lucky Strike.....	
Melachrino.....	
WOMEN'S WEAR	
Katharine Walker Smith.....	1603 Chicago Avenue
Lewis, Inc.....	1606 Chicago Avenue
The Children's Shop.....	North Shore Hotel Building

Advertisers listed in this directory, more than any other factor, make the **Purple Parrot** what it is.

They advertise because they believe Northwestern students appreciate their support, and because they believe that this appreciation will be shown by student patronage.

Every student can find just about anything he wants in the stores advertising in the **Purple Parrot**. Keep this Directory handy so that you may patronize these advertisers who show their appreciation.

EGGSACTLY SO!

Rooster: "Yuh're a good-fer-nothin' old hen."

Hen: "There you go, just because I've been layin' in the barn all day."

"Goodness, you gave me such a start," said the engine to the crank.

First Cat: "You must think I'm two-faced?"

Second Coed: "Oh, no! If you were you'd wear the other one."

"Johnny, what's that spot on the table cloth?"

"That's a fingerprint, ma."

"Looks like a grease spot."

"I was eating lady-fingers, and that's a lady-fingerprint."

Poli. Sci. Instructor: "What are revenue cutters?"

Chorus: "Bootleggers."

THE WEAKER SEX

"A jilted woman used to sit down and cry."

"And now she stands up and shoots."

THE HANDS OF FATE

Men say that I am deceitful and two-faced. With smiling face I lead them on in care-free security, and then turning them the other I give a mortal cut. The fate of thousands lies within my hands. I strike when I am least expected.

No, I am not death.

I am the U. H. clock.

Anarchist: "Everybody out of the room—that's a bomb!"

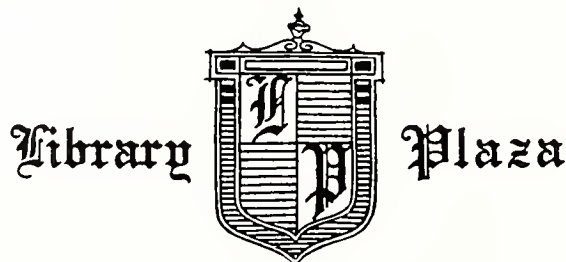
Leader: "Never mind, it will go off soon."

X-'13: "I tell you, college women are not what they used to be."

Y-'22: "Of course not; they used to be high school girls."

Christmas Greetings

For Good Food, Environment, Service



EVANSTON

Restaurant or Cafeteria

TUXEDO SUIT

FOR EVERY COLLEGE MAN'S WARDROBE

THE TUXEDO SUIT is the proper dress for so many occasions—of course you need one and equally of course you want the best. We are featuring one of the latest and smartest styles for

\$50.00 others up to **\$65.00**

THINGS YOU ALWAYS NEED

Dress or Tuxedo Vests—Silk and Wool Hosiery—Silk or Wool
Lounging Robes—Gloves, Dress Sets, Collars—Dress
and Tuxedo Shirts—Silk and Wool Mufflers

Our store is filled with hundreds of gifts of the finer sort for men and young men—always correct in style, distinctive and of exceptional quality.

UPTOWN'S LARGEST STORE FOR MEN

MEEK & MEEK

4611-13 BROADWAY—At Wilson Avenue

OPEN EVENINGS



©Society Brand

SPECIAL NOTICE TO COLLEGE MEN—

10% Discount

If you will present your Student's Enterprise Book and give us positive proof that you are a Northwestern student, we will allow you a special student's discount of 10% on any merchandise purchased at our store during the month of December.



Between You and Me—

Merry Christmas!

CAMPUS IMPRESSIONS

By Will Griffin

Jack "Frosh" who hails from somewhere South of the Mason-Dixon line - believes in keeping "hissself" warm -



Some of our fair co-eds ride home in luxury while -



Oh! Aint those golf knickers becoming!



An impression of a small size sheepskin on a slim student -

- Some of our be students find other methods of traveling -



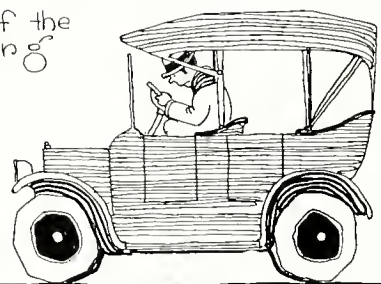
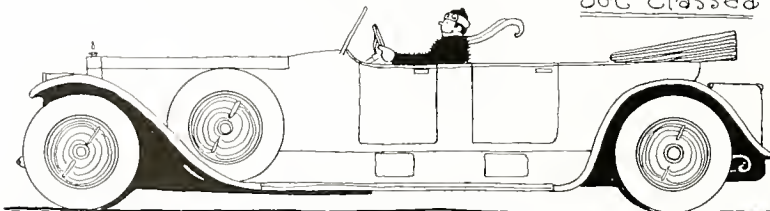
The snake-iversity Captain may appear to be in deep concentration over a math problem - but it must be remembered that Xmas is coming soon and the girls must have presents.



It looks as though father had already given this fair queen her Xmas gift.

sketched from life at U.H.

A simple case of the upper classman being out classed -



Class of '26

Class of '23

WILL GRIFFIN.

"The Night Before Christmas"

As Certain Modern Poets Might Revise the Tale

KEITH PRESTON

"—jam: licet." (Horace, Ode xxiii, 23).
'Twas the night before Christmas, and in the
apartment
Discussion had ceased as to what the new art
meant;
Dear Cleo and Wallie were snug in their beds
(We'd heard their new poems, and freuded their
heads);
O'er Sue's Doch an' Dorris and my little nightcap
We two settled down for a real jolly tight scrap.
When down from the roof there came such a
clatter
I rushed to the cellar to look in the matter.

JOHN V. A. WEAVER

I woke up awful suddenlike, see,
(I'm sleepin' purty light since the kid is sick)
An' I hear someone hollerin', "Gee!
Gee up, there Hooligan! Whoa, now, Blick!"

An' they was a sort of stompin' overhead,
An' bells a-jinglin' purty as I ever heard,
Most loud enough, I thought, to wake the dead,
But just as sweet as any singin' bird.

An' the feller hollered, "Whoa, you Flivver, whoa!"
Not 's though he was sore or anythin' like that,
But just a-cussin' easy-like an' slow
Like a man would pet a purp or cat.

ROBERT W. SERVICE

I heard a sound, and I looked around.
And what a sight appeared!
I lit the glim, and down the chim-
Ney came the man who drove
The stamping team; and by the steam
He warmed his frosty beard,
And winked in a way that seemed to say,
"I've got some treasure trove."

I knew at once, for I was no dunce,
That this was Santa Claus:
His beard was white (and that was right)—
His cap was white and red.
His nose was round like a codfish sound,
He knew no beauty laws;
His belly shook with a jelly look,
As Christmas poets said.

EDGAR A. GUEST

He reached into his sack and drew a railroad train
that ran,
And said, "Now there's a present fit for any little
man!"
His arm went down again, and came out with a
Noah's ark:
"And that's for Junior, this for Sister—hear this
doggie bark!
And then a ball for Baby Bill, and a doll for little
May—
I have so many calls to make, although I'd always
like to stay."

And as he turned he smiled a smile that would
warm a heart of stone,
And I whispered to myself, "He must have chil-
dren of his own."
For I think I'm mighty lucky, and the happiest
man alive
To love all children dearly, and be dad to four
or five;
And I wouldn't change my family, and home with
messy floor,
To own a billion dollars or be a college sophomore!

MISS AMY LOWELL

With his pack upon his back, on his back a pack
up pickaback,
Santa
Walked into the fireplace, a fact you can't es-
cape. . . .
Walked into the fireplace upright, face forward,
into the monotonous fireplace under the man-
tel which held the painted Persian nightingale
singing not at all and polished sea shells aba-
lones iridescent from Los Angeles with fin-
gerprints dust-engraved upon them. . . .

Then Santa rose—
He went up he did not jump or spring or fly he
did a thing I could not do. . . . he walked
into a gaslog fireplace and rose he did not
flap his arms and fly his eyes twinkled and
he rose. . . .

(Continued on Page Twenty-two)



IT'S THE PRINCIPLE THAT COUNTS

Commerce She: "The world owes a lot to the bankers."
Speech He: "Well, you needn't rub it in."

CIVILIZATION

Great Lecturer: "In the South Sea Islands it costs eight spearheads to get a wife."

Much Lectured: "In this county, it only takes one bonehead."

AND DROPPED HIS G's

"Pretty tough about Professor Smith."

"Howzat?"

"He dropped into the vernacular yesterday, bumped against a hard word, and split his infinitive."



SO THE MOVIES SAY

"Hod'dja happen ta get a date with that chorus girl?"

"Int'mate friend of my grandfather when he was in school."



OUGHT TO BE A LITTLE BOULDER

Simp: "He at least had the sand to propose."

Cynicus: "But he lacked the rocks to marry."

KNIT! KNIT!

Judge: "Do you mean to say that you opened the pen and stole those sheep and didn't know a thing about it? Why, man, where were your wits?"

Prisoner: "I think, your honor, they must have been woolgathering."



Column: "I see they've found Columbus' bones."

Bus: "I didn't know he had lost them."

A Christmas Carol

By Jma Dickens

It was the last day before vacation and Professor Scrooge was feeling fine. "Merry Christmas!" he cried to his students, and in his generosity gave to cold-looking people safety matches, and to hungry-looking people wishbones to pull. "No more work today, my man!" he called to his lab assistant, and he helped him mix the Na with the Cl and flunk the required quota of students.

"It's December 20 and if nothing happens December 25 will be Christmas," he chuckled. The assistant buttoned his sheepskin and went out into the night. Scrooge rolled up the glass tubing, blew out the gas, and departed.

Evanston was immersed in fog thick as the coeds on U. H. steps and heavy as their line. It was scarcely three o'clock by the Dean's wrist watch, but it was already so dark that it was impossible to distinguish humans from horses. Almost everyone was lost; on the other hand no one knew where he was. A burglar got into a fraternity house by mistake. Only one brother was in; the rest were getting up spirits for a celebration. The burglar was looking for cash, and the brother hopefully joined the search. Needless to say, the quest was in vain.

Scrooge found his way to his narrow room by force of habit and prepared for a merry evening. He washed the paper napkin he had rescued on a Geology field trip and lit his Sterno (adv.).

After supper he was so happy he could not contain himself. He was overjoyed that Christmas was coming and also the New Year. He opened and closed the windows and turned the lights on and off. He sent a telegram of congratulation to his best friend, the widow of a prof at Chicago who had died of loneliness on Saturday morning during his eight o'clock quiz section.

Suddenly, deep down in the cellar he heard a sinister clanking. Louder and louder it grew until he recognized it as galoshes ascending the stairs. He was terrified, for after his adventure of a few years before he had resolved to have no further intercourse with spirits and to live upon the total abstinence principle. He was panicky and attempted to sing a hymn. "Nobody lied when they said I cried over you," he whispered softly over and over again. For consolation he opened the Good Book and read: "When H_2SO_4 combine with NaCl there——"

Horrors! A figure melted through the wall and stood before him. The professor's trained eye observed that he could see right through the apparition and even discern what he had on his hip.

"Who are you?" demanded Scrooge.

"I am the spirit of Christmas," replied the ghost.

Scrooge instantaneously regained his courage and became active as a coed on a tag day. He chinned himself on the chandelier, did a giant swing, inhaled and exhaled several times in succession and even got out his grade book and voluntarily passed three students.

"Merry Christmas!" cried Scrooge, "I am glad to see you again. To what party do we go this time? Do we go through the wall or the window? Merry Christmas!"

"Bah! Humbug! This is not the hour to be merry. Christmas is not the time for happiness. Behold!"

Scrooge suddenly found himself in a strange room, observing unseen a sad picture. The Mellins family was in a turmoil. Father had put up the tree and was lying on the sofa, quite ill with fatigue. Mother was exhausted from advising father. Middle-sized Brother had lost his before-Christmas Y. M. C. A. psychology and was getting naughty again. Big Brother, dressing for a Christmas eve dance, was storming because he had lost his dress shirt stud beneath the dresser. Big sister was violent, claiming the baby had played snow storm with her face powder.

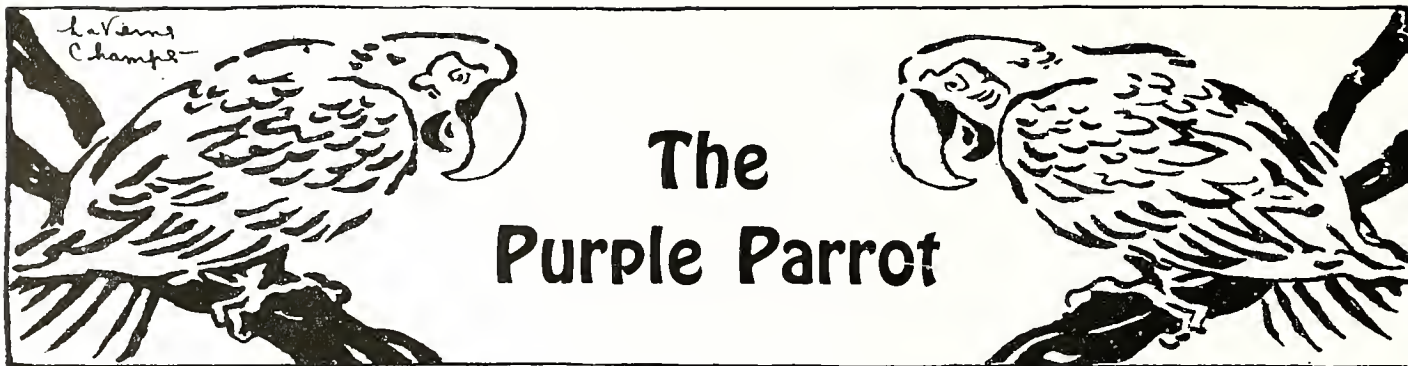
"This is Christmas Eve," said the phantom. "Is that what you call merry?"

"No," admitted Scrooge, "but Christmas day itself makes up for it."

"Then look!" cried the ghost.

The Mellins family was in a turmoil. Little Brother had waked father six times to ask if it were Christmas yet. At six-thirty the stockings had been ravaged and the children were swearing at Santa Claus, while father hid under the bed and blushed. By nine o'clock the tree was bare; the window curtains and father's Santa Claus whiskers had caught fire from the Christmas tree candles; the electric train had blown out five fuses; the drums, guns, cannons, and other tools for breaking up the home had been used to their

(Continued on Page Twenty-three)



Volume III, Number 3

December, 1922

Evanston, Illinois

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MERRY CHRISTMAS! Once more the Christmas season comes 'round, bringing with it vacation and respite from studies—going home, turkey dinner with all the garnishings—a time of general good cheer.

But Christmas should mean something more than gastronomic orgies and two weeks as a star boarder at home. We are prone to forget the origin of the day and overlook the spirit of the season, seeing only the traditional forms of observance.

After all, the day was instituted as a birthday, and our gifts should be birthday gifts "unto the least of these" and not mere exchanges with friends and relatives. Christmas implies the Good Fellow spirit rather than a bartering match.

Christmas is the great universal holiday, celebrated over the world as is no other festival. On that one day the nations unite, however momentarily, in a common aim and a common feeling of brotherhood.

THE PURPLE PARROT also wishes for all its readers a very Happy New Year.

It is a brand new year we have before us. What are we going to do with it? Here is an opportunity to start over, to do things a little better than before. Shall we take it?

We may make numerous resolutions, but it is the keeping of them that can make the new year really a happy one. That is the hard part; but it is not so difficult as it would seem. It is all a matter of determination.

The new year of the school is in the hands of its men and women. We may resolve that it shall be a great year, but we must resolve as well that we personally shall do our part. Then we will be sincere in wishing for Alma Mater a Happy New Year.



Where there's a Will—he's away.

JOURNALISM JANE REMARKS—

My, don't I look horrid with a week's growth of eyebrow on my face!

Some people I know find their most pleasant reflections in the mirror.

No man is a hero to his alarm clock.

In the newspapers two is a couple and three is a divorce.

Present-day sophistication reverses the old proverb. Today only the young die good.



Prune: "Music is a closed door to me; I often wish I might unlock it."

Prunella: "Did you ever try the right key?"

HEAVY STUFF

Aspirant: "I'm not too fat, coach. I can do better than a lot of these skinny guys."

Coach: "Well, I gotta admit you got the bulge on them."

Frat: "Bill's father is a kind soul—writes him twice a week."

Frater: "But Bill never gets any money."

Frat: "Yes, it's unremitting kindness."



She: "Now, Percy, I want you just to get me something cheap for a Christmas present."

Percy: "My dear, I was just going to offer myself."

Herzes Graue—

AN OLD SONG

Three simple things of all I know
Mean Christmas-time to me;
A carol in the falling snow,
Bright candles, and a Christmas tree.

For gifts of golden robes and rings
At heart are dull and dead;
And pageantries are empty things
When love and laughter both have fled.

* * * *

Three simple things of all I know
Mean Christmas-time to me;
A carol in the falling snow,
Bright candles, and a Christmas tree.

—S.-M. B.

SNOW FLURRIES

I wanted the little snowflakes,
So white,
So light;
I wanted the little snowflakes,
To hold—tight!

But they thought I was going to hurt them.
I am sure they did not understand,
For they all ran away when I caught them,
And left cold little tears in my hand.

—H. H.

THE CRIMSON BLOSSOM

I forget when first it haunted me
Like the vague newness
In the raw wind of March.
I catch it budding near me
In the soft, grey moments before sleep;
In the thronged heaviness of halls
It opens to me like ruddy clouds.
Parting at twilight.
My fellows seek it on the wide moors,
Yet if they lingered, might they pluck it
Wild, beside each mile-stone.

—C. M.

SNOWFALL

Out of the depths of the gray clouded heavens,
Fluttering, faltering, rhythmic and light,
Showering, swirling in visions celestial,
Veils of the fairies are floating tonight.
Falling all gently on forest and meadow.
Shrouding the elm tree, the hedge and each nook,
Folding in slumber the children of summer,
Roofing an ice palace fair o'er the brook.

Feathery flakes, that so lightly are drifting
Over the fields of the summer I love,
Guided by frost elves and spirits of winter,
Are you the flowers of the star-lands above?

Whither, snow fairies, your breeze-guided pathway?
What is the message you bring us, I pray?
You are my fair benediction from heaven,
Telling me winter is followed by May.

—E. J. T.

White is white, and black is black, the preachers say:
I wonder why the preachers take no heed of gray?

HANDS

His hands were like a gaunt, calm autumn wind
That tries to quiet leaves and only stirs
Their fragile forms to louder murmurings,

Frail hands that could not rest. Yet he was still—
Far quieter than life which passed him by,
Huddled alone where shadows were his friends.

Yes, he was still, and so could only sigh
Because he did not understand their ways
And half believed they had minds of their own.

How else, since everything they hasted to
Was all adverse to any creed he owned,
And shamed him for a poor practitioner?

He hated doing favours, yet his hands
Turned eagerly whenever help was asked
And carried him the laurels of their work.

* * * *

Seeing him, quieted by Death today,
I cannot help but wonder if those hands
Will wake, struggle and choke beneath the sod.

—C. R. H.

And Heres Gay

A COED'S CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Oh, please, dear Lord, deliver me
From noisome Chi. publicity,
And though I studiously toil
I pray I burn no midnight oil.
As this semester nears its end,
These things I beg that Thou wilt send:
Instructors whom I may beguile
By honeyed word or artless smile,
Near-sighted profs who cannot see
My book wide open on my knee,
And profs who ask on each exam
Just those things on which I cram.
These things, dear Lord, I ask of Thee,
And last, an average of straight "C."

—LULE.

SHOCKING THE CORN

"Now, Harold, put away those toys
That lie there in a heap."
"Sh-h, mamma, do not speak so loud:
I think my foot's asleep."

As a model of social politeness
Take the echo—it beats us all.
You never heard of an echo yet
That failed to return your call.

—A. P. K.

TAGS

Oh, the tags that I have gathered
On my bosom and my chest!
When my coat is wholly covered
I attach them to my vest.

For the poor and for the needy
I have lent a helping hand;
When all other causes falter
They have tagged me for the band.

But there is one consolation
Offered sinners who've endured;
For the bird who giveth freely
Finds salvation well assured.

Yet when I shall enter heaven
And commence to tune my lyre,
I suppose I'll find a tag day
To outfit the heavenly choir.

—M. R. E.

TO A BUST OF HOMER

Thou sittest upon thy pedestal.
Serene and haughty in thy glory.
I see thee hewn in lifeless stone.
Who wrote for us thy deathless story.
But pray don't think to you alone
This honor great hath been intrusted.
Say, you have nothing over me—
For I like you have oft been busted.

—M. R. E.

A BALLAD OF DARK DOINGS

A Congo youth wooed a Congo maid
In the shade of a breadfruit tree;
He knocked her down with a wooden spade
And dragged her off for his dad to see.

"She's fair to see," the old man said;
"She'll weigh three hundred pound.
Her cheeks are black, her eyes are red,
But can she work, and is she sound?"

"Can she broil a gnu or hippo steak.
Mop dirt floors and cook with gas.
Bake locust pie or red ant cake.
Dig a well, raise garden sass?"

"I'll tell the world," the youth replied,
"And she rolls a mean cheroot;
And her father, on the side,
Brews a wicked brew, to boot."

So the two were married shortly after.
On next St. Patrick's Day;
And their wedding-march was the monkey's laughter
As they swung by their tails in play.

OUT OF PLACE

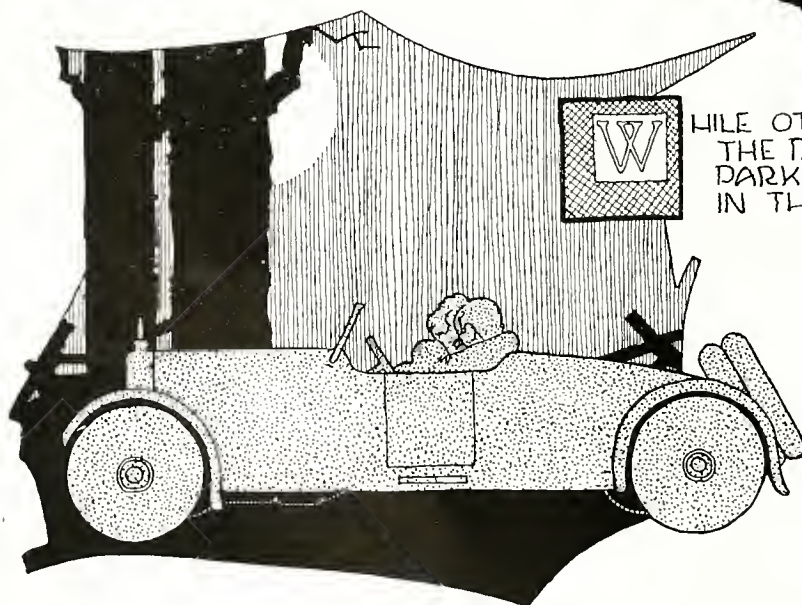
Now ivory is sought for
And shipped across the seas;
'Tis used for decoration
And for piano keys.

But all its value ceases
And quickly disappears,
When ivory is used to
Unite a pair of ears.

—M. R. E.

'TWAZ THE WEE

ND ALL THROUGH THE PLAC
"STUDES" WRESTLED TO MO
FROM A SAXAPHONE "ACE



HILE OTHERS WHO THO'T
THE DANCE BROKE UP TOO SOON
PARKED BY THE ROAD
IN THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

IT BEFORE XMAS

—WORDS AND MUSIC BY J. BECIL—

SOME OTHERS MORE DARING-
AND OUT AFTER THRILLS,
SAW A SHOW AT THE "HOYBURN"
THEN ATE AT "DU BREUIL'S"

NOW SOME OF OUR "HIGHBROWS"
WERE NEARLY "RUN IN"
FOR "EGGING" THE OPERA
AND HOWLING LIKE SIN.



BUT SOME OF OUR NUMBER
NO SUCH THINGS DID ACHIEVE,
BUT CONTENTEDLY "WAISTED"
A WILD XMAS "EVE"

Our Sophisticated Youngsters



“Beaver!”

A Lay of Ancient Rome

By Malcolm R. Eiselen

I.

The festive Christmas spirit
O'er Rome held regal sway;
With three more days for shopping
What Roman dared delay?
They thronged the business districts
And bore their bundles home;
They stormed the Campus Martius,
The Martial Fields of Rome.

II.

No wilder legions ever
Drove Gaul to helpless flight
Than stormed the shopping district
From dawn to late at night.
For then as now the shopper
A mighty forearm wields;
Who bars his way is like to wake
Within the Elysian Fields.

III.

And many haughty Romans,
Though much against their wills,
Must hock the old Penates
To meet the Christmas bills.
E'en romance met a barrier
Which it could not surmount,
When Cleopatra overdrew
Antony's charge account.

IV.

Each royal postman staggered
All battered, worn, and lame,
With parcel post parked thickly
Upon his battered frame.
While on the hill the students
Scarce wait till college shuts,
And some hiked for the provinces
In spite of triple cuts.

V.

Long ere sun god Apollo
Had clambered from the hay,
The youth of Rome were waking
To welcome Christmas day.
And many the surprises
When old and young did find
The strange accumulations
That Santa left behind.

VI.

For Caesar in the morning
Waked to the glad surprise
That every friend and neighbor
Had sent him Christmas ties.
Some purple, red and orange,
In dot and stripe and check.
From thence hath come the slang phrase:
To get it in the neck.

VII.

While Nero, quite astounded,
Was fairly thrust from home
By ten gross of mild Havanas
From the cabbage fields of Rome.
But swift imperial vengeance
An equal fate defines;
He rounded up the givers
And fed them to the lions.

VIII.

In feasting and in drinking
Thus Christmas day was spent;
For Bacchus then was worshiped
In thirty-six per cent.
And when the day departed
All turned with might and main
To saving up the shekels
Till Christmas came again.

BOOK PAGE

1001 AFTERNOONS IN CHICAGO

By Ben Hecht. (Covici-McGee)

Ben Hecht, a facile newspaper reporter with a talent for writing polysyllabic prose which now and then finds passage through the mails difficult and which has been acclaimed by enthusiastic followers who go in for "devastating" fiction, has



Ben Hecht

lately published sixty stories chosen from his late column in the Chicago Daily News, known as "About the Town," (good taste prevents us from saying something about his former conservative employer-editor). The book, "1001 Afternoons in Chicago," in the opinion of this reviewer is much superior in manner and content to his novels, and even to his play. In fact, these stories may be described as an altogether distinguished work: satiric, comic, authentic, each with a note of human tenderness that is touching and true.

"Human interest" stories, the journalist calls them. The critic calls them more—here is Chicago: its romance, its gloomy streets, its muddy river, its noise, its lights and movement, its wet, sticky pavements and smoke and homeless crowds, its luxury and hideousness swarming in the twilight—and its people.

It is as though Arthur Morrison had collaborated with Maupassant and Jack Lait had been called in to add the desired fillip.

The stories form a most satisfactory study of our society as seen in our second largest city, valuable as a record and as amusement. Hecht is a good reporter, with a mind filled full of whole-hearted and permanent despair—of his sincerity there is little doubt.

It is with such material as the Chicagoan passed daily traveling to and from work, that Hecht picks out and parades before us, in his masterly journalistic style of brilliant phrase and fast moving thought. His wit is superb. The volume is a lesson to the novice, the best that a highly intelligent reporter has done and said in his attempt to be charitable to his Chicago.—L. F. C.

FOOL'S HILL

By Leona Dalrymple. (Robert M. McBride & Co.)

This is the kind of book you don't want to start late in the evening. You'll be up the rest of the night finishing it. And don't get it before an exam—wait till afterwards. It is funnier than any comedy in the city, with more genuine laughs than in any other 300 page I have ever read.

You jump right into the middle of a breakfast, which is a good breakfast, even if broken by the late arrival of "Our Hero," a fuss with a kid brother, several arguments of varying intensity, and all the garnishings. And you end in the middle of a telephone conversation between Our Hero and one of his many Feminine Affairs, dealing of course with a date for Friday night and the possibility of getting the car that evening.

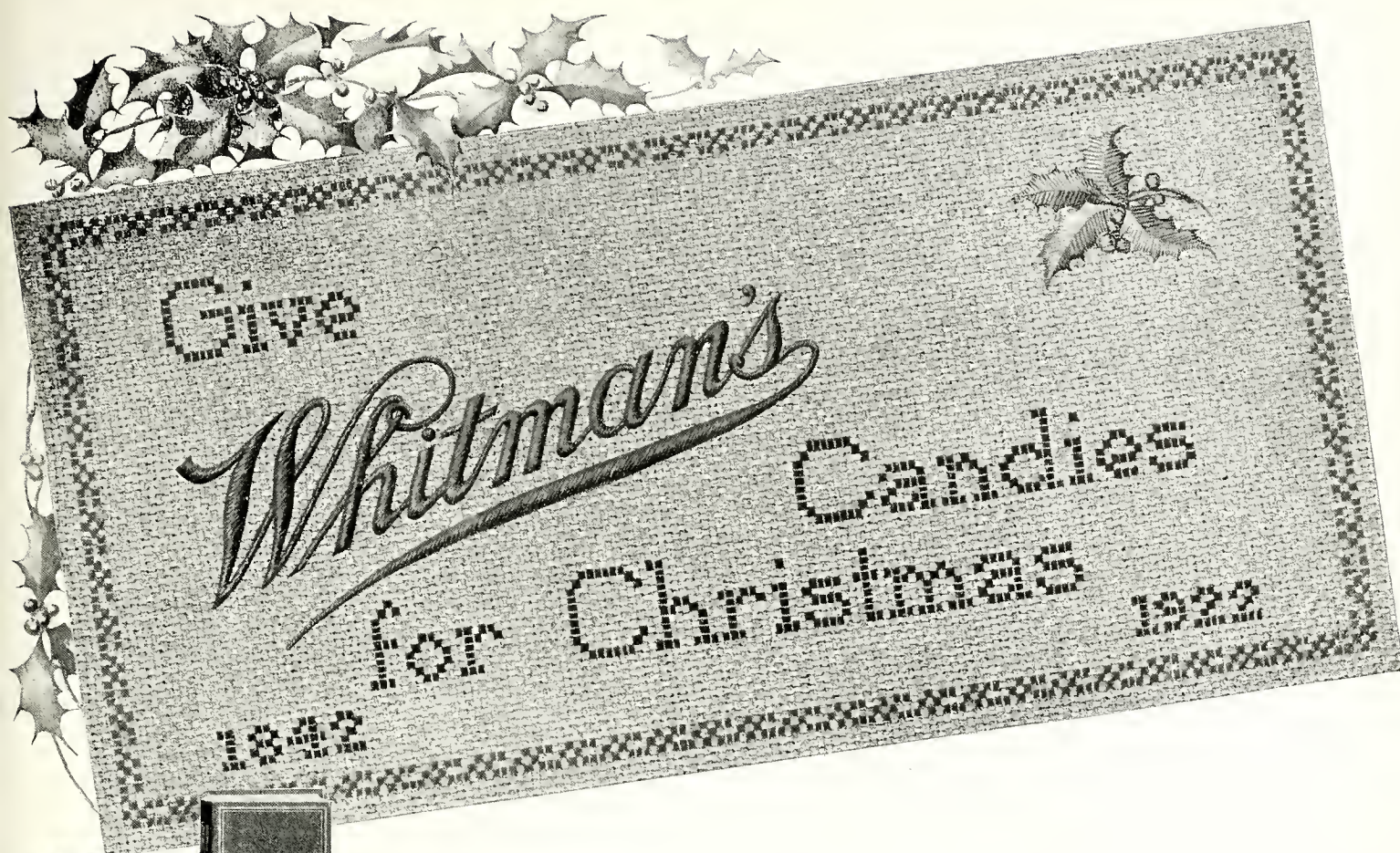
Paul is a victim of the sex urge. Since he is a victim for the first time, he is not exceptionally particular in his selections. Almost anything in skirts will answer, and does answer. Experience finds him a dull pupil, and he makes several mistakes. In fact, we're not sure that the last one, the unconcluded one, is not likewise a mistake; but we don't much care.

He is assisted throughout his adventures by one of the most wonderful kid brothers I have ever met. Teddy is a three ring circus all by himself, from the time he steps in the pumpkin pie destined for the church social, till he sets the attic on fire—almost.

Paul is further surrounded by two grandmothers. Both are interested in him, but one has a habit of packing her bag and herself off without notice of departure or return, much to the amusement of the neighbors and his embarrassment and discomfort.

'S a good book! Anybody over sixteen will like it; costs only \$1.75, and you'll get five dollars' worth of laughs out of reading it.—L. H.

A novel of native life in French Africa, by a man in whose veins runs the blood of the people he writes about, was awarded a prize as the best French novel of the past year. The book, "Batouala," by René Maran, is now available in English (Thomas Seltzer, New York). It is a vivid tale, which presents an absolutely new viewpoint in literature.



For each name on your list there's just the right package of *Whitman's*

THE SAMPLER: Judging from its enormous popularity, the Sampler is the most famous as well as the most beautiful gift package of sweets in America. Chocolate and confections culled from ten other leading packages of Whitman's—famous since 1842.

SALMAGUNDI CHOCOLATES: In their art box of exquisitely lacquered metal, these sweets have won a high place among critical candy lovers. "A medley of good things."

PLEASURE ISLAND CHOCOLATES: Here is a gaily colored sea-chest with scenes from Stevenson's "Treasure Island" to charm the eye. Inside are precious bags of "bullion" and "pieces" in gold and silver.

A FUSSY PACKAGE FOR FASTIDIOUS FOLKS: A luxury in chocolates. The box is in dark rich green, proclaiming the distinction of its contents. Chocolates with nut, and nut combination centers.

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Northwestern
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Tuxedo Coat and Trousers \$37⁵⁰

Finely tailored Browning King Tuxedo Coat and Trousers made from a fine quality unfinished fabric, satin faced lapel and piped edge on collar and cuffs, either one-quarter or full satin lined. An early purchase will save you considerable. A special vest of corded silk at \$6.75.

BROWNING, KING & CO

12 West Washington St.
C. W. Hendrickson, Manager

"THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS"

(Continued from Page Nine)

In his pack were toy horses cows boats airplanes
goats and Noah's arks teething rings and
machine guns. . . .
toy washing machines sewing machines gum
machines very many machines. . . .
other things. . . .
all lovely things children crave. . . .many
things not lovely. . . .
ugly unbeautiful utilitarian. . . .
With his pack upon his back, on his back a pack
up pickaback
Santa walked into the fireplace
He rose. . . .

THE IMAGISTS

I.

Reindeer jingle-bells
Embroidering
Atmosphere. . .

II.

Quick-stamping deer feet
Drum Christmas jazz
On roof. . .

III.

Loud command giddap
Smashes frosty night
In chunks. . .

IV.

Deer, sleigh, Santa, pack,
Fly through trees:
Gone. . .

V.

Morning frost-diamonds,
No deer-tracks—
Stockings. . .

—D. K. B.

Phone Sunnyside 1040

Les Modes

MILLINERY

4648 Sheridan Road
CHICAGO

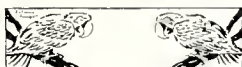
We wish to number you among our
friends at Northwestern

Your Syllabus Pictures Make Good Presents

*We can still finish them in
plenty of time
for Christmas*

J. D. TOLOFF

1623 Orrington
Avenue



A CHRISTMAS CAROL

(Continued from Page Eleven)

full extent. Father had received six handkerchiefs and mother had used them all when she wept over her picture of "Purity"; Little Brother and Sister had nearly drowned themselves manipulating the bathtub submarine; Big Sister was in hysterics because none of her dresses were in the latest style; Big Brother had thrown himself on the sofa in despair over his checkered tie and expurgated "Decameron."

"Show me no more," groaned Scrooge, and found himself back in his own room.

From then on Scrooge was a changed man. He hated Christmas and always advocated the abolition of Christmas vacation. In the winters one could hear him continually muttering to himself, "Cheer up; Christmas comes but once a year."

—A. P. K.

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Each Saturday Night

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10 P. M. to 2 A. M.

MISS RUTH SOULE, Hostess

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Might Say—

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Drop in for a midnight lunch on Prom night.

Pink Shop

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The Christmas Spirit

It's a kindly mood, too precious for analysis, but we do know this about it—that it thrives best on giving. Not to square social debts, but to keep our own hearts bright do we remember old friends with gifts at Christmas time. Giving is the essence of the Christmas spirit.

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Pebblecloth and Velour knit.
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A very attractive assortment of Hand Tailored
Dimity Blouses. Prices \$3.50 to \$5.75

We invite your inspection of our college girls' section

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Frater: "Howja like Cuba?"
Alumnus: "It's a rum country."

Lecturer: "And now, my friends, what is home?"

Voice from Rear: "A parking space for the family while the car is being painted."

Girl: "That man over there is trying to flirt with me. I wish you would speak to him."

Escort: "What do you want me to say—give him your telephone number?"

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Decorations for house parties and dances.

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EQUAL RIGHTS FOR MEN

X: "Why do men leave home?"

Q's: "They don't like to stay there alone."

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Hygiene Instructor: "Name a disease peculiar to the rich."

Wise Coed: "Nervous prostration—the poor have to keep right on working."

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*We're proud of our shoes—so
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Customist: "I want some consecrated lye."

Drugger: "You mean concentrated lye."

Customist: "It does nutmeg any difference.
That's what I camphor. What does it sulphur?"

Drugger: "Fifteen scents. I never cinnamon
with so much wit."

Customist: "Well, I should myrhh-myrhh; but
I ammonia novice at it."

"When a woman marries a man and then gets
divorced, what do you call it?"

"Taking his name in vain."

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that's all

REAL Candy

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Assorted Chocolates, 75c

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AND

If we didn't like YOU, we wouldn't have given you an "ad"

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We extend our sincere wishes
for a very

Merry Christmas

and a

Happy New Year

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Simon: "No, I take carfare to bed with me."

IN ANY JAIL

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Trusty: "No, we find them just as bad as any other people."

Student: "Before I graduate this year, I want to express my gratitude and say that all I know I owe to you."

Prof: "Oh, it's a mere trifle, I assure you."

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Greeting Cards Eversharp Pencils
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GIFTS

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Hard Egg: "When I hit a person he remembers, understand?"

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1st Dumbdora: "Why didn't Jack drown when his canoe tipped over?"

2nd Ditto: "You see, he was wearing duck trousers."

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For Christmas

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Interviewing Reporter (to maid): "How long has Mrs. Whiffen-Poofen been married?"

Maid: "Do you mean this time, or altogether?"

Mrs.: "Just tell me what you would have been now if it hadn't been for my money!"

Mr.: "A bachelor."

Waiting: "Is there any egg on the bill of fare?"

Waiter: "No, I just wiped it off."

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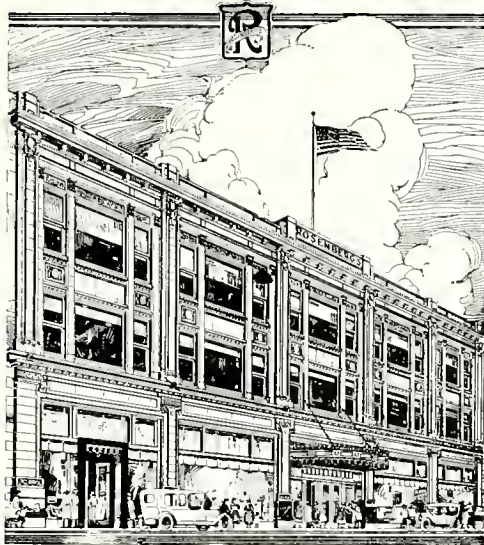
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Madeira handkerchiefs, 3 for \$1.00, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50.
Hemstitched handkerchiefs, 25c to \$1.00.
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Napkins, Madeira, mosaic and cut work.....\$5.75 to \$30.00
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TAKE to the folks at home things you buy in Evanston.

Here you will find a wealth of Christmas wares—things mother will treasure—gifts dad will appreciate—lovely things for Grace and Mary—and gifts that will appeal to Bob.

Visit the Gift Shop

It is brimful of gift suggestions for everybody—foreign goods and wares from many lands. Prices are notably moderate, making it possible to buy gifts for all at a very modest outlay.



TOWER

OF PISA

IPSE DIXIT and GALILEO

There was much learning but little real knowledge in Galileo's time (1564-1642). Aristotle was swallowed in bad Latin translations. Ipse dixit. No one checked him by what seemed vulgar, coarse experiment.

Galileo fought against the dead hand of tradition. He did not argue about Aristotle, but put him to the test. Aristotle led his readers to believe that of two bodies the heavier will fall the faster. Galileo simply climbed to the top of the Leaning Tower of Pisa and dropped two unequal weights. The "best people" were horrified; they even refused to believe the result—that the weights reached the ground in equal times.

"Look at the world, and experiment, experiment," cried Galileo.

The biggest man in the 16th century was not Galileo in popular estimation, but Suleiman the Magnificent, the Ottoman Emperor, who swept through Eastern Europe with fire and sword and almost captured Vienna. Where is his magnificence now?

Galileo gave us science—established the paramount right of experimental evidence. Suleiman did little to help the world.

Hardly an experiment is made in modern science which does not apply Galileo's results. When, for instance, the physicists in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company study the motions of electrons in rarified atmospheres, or experiment to heighten the efficiency of generators and motors, they follow Galileo's example and substitute facts for beliefs.

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